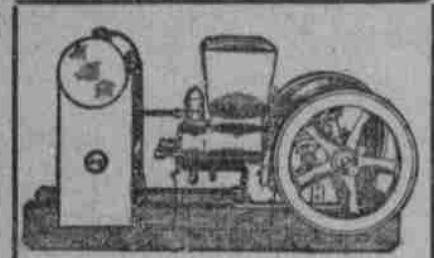


TRAVELERS' RAILWAY GUIDE.

Central Vermont Railway.
Trains leave Barre for White River Junction and Boston, and way stations, also Windsor and Bellows Falls and New York at 6:25 and 11:55 a. m. and 1:55 p. m. Also leave Barre for White River Junction, Bellows Falls, Springfield and New York at 5:45 p. m.
Trains leave Barre for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and way stations at 6:25 a. m., 11:55 a. m. and 1:55 p. m.

Montpelier & Wells River Railroad.
Trains leave Barre for Wells River, connecting at that point with trains going both north and south, at 7:30 a. m., 12:30 and 5:30 p. m. The 12:30 train connects with train for Boston, and north for Lebanon, Littleton, Fayston and Lancaster, also with Montreal express, and the 7:30 and 5:30 trains with St. Johnsbury trains.
Trains leave Barre for Montpelier at 7:30, 10:30 a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 4:30 and 5:30 p. m.

Electric Street Railway.
Cars leave square in Barre for Montpelier at 10 minutes of each 15 minutes past the hour. Leave Montpelier for Barre on the hour and half hour until 10 p. m.



TAFT,

the Gas Engine Man, Randolph Center, Vt., sells both Hopper and Air Cooled Engines, from 1 to 50 horse power. Grist Mills, Wind Mills, Saw Mills, Cider Presses. Reliance, Leader, Hydro, Pneumatic Water System electric lighting plants installed.

New Pool Prices

Play in a modern pool room where it costs less than at other places.
Call Shot.....21-20 cue.
French or Rotation.....3 for 25c.
Time-Billiards or Pool.....40c hour.
Come in and try out this proposition tonight.

Diversi Pool Room

A. Tomasi Block, Merchant Street.

HARDWOOD

Dry Block Wood, \$2.50 per run, delivered.
Dry Limb Wood, \$2 per run delivered.
Leave orders at 99 Washington street.

'Phone 138.

A. W. WINCH, - ADMR.

A Gentleman's Driver

FOR SALE

At Arkley's Livery

An extra good driving mare, harness, lap robe and rubber tired open buggy, with umbrella can be bought reasonably. Call and see the rig.

Cor. Summer-Merchants Sts., Barre, Vt.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, etc., there is nothing better than "White Pine Cough Lozenges." 10c a box 3 for 25c. Sold only by

D. F. DAVIS "The Druggist"

NEW CIDER

By Gallon, delivered, 10c
Barrels furnished with 50 gallon packages. Send in your orders as soon as possible. Orders may be left at 195 So. Main St.

PATTERSON & HOLDEN

BROOKFIELD

FURS!

Very Latest Designs and Kinds for Ladies and Gents.

I believe I have the best line of furs east of Boston, and I KNOW that my PRICES cannot be duplicated ANYWHERE. If you are in the market for furs DON'T buy until you look at my stock and GET MY PRICES. If you have furs to be remodeled or repaired, bring them in, or if you want anything made to order specially, come in and get my prices.

Special bargains on the following:
Fox Shawls, 75 in. long, 9 in. wide, pillow stuff, price \$8.50 set
Opesum set \$9.00

I. STEKOLCHICK

Corner Main and State Streets,
Over Wheatley's Store,
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

BETHEL

B. P. Byers has sold his farm for \$4,000 to Charles Batchelder of Bedford, Que.

The ladies of the Universalist church will hold their annual fair, December 15 and 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Hardigan and two sons of Montpelier spent Thursday at Julius Moriarty's.

Miss Bessie Gilman has returned from an extended visit to Montreal and other points in Canada.

A petition has been filed with the selectmen, asking for more electric lights on Upper River street.

Dr. William Stickney and Miss Mary Stickney of Rutland spent Thursday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. C. Stickney.

Miss Mary Cushing has returned from Boston, where she underwent an operation on her foot, which, it is hoped, will prove successful.

Mrs. John Aldrich has received a draft from the Mutual Life Insurance company for \$1,502, the amount of life insurance carried by her late husband.

Mrs. Hattie E. Coy has gone to Brownsville, Tex., where she will pass the winter with a sister. On her way she will visit in Claremont, N. H., Springfield, Mass., Galesburg, Ill., and Oklahoma City, Okla.

A mock law-suit, December 31, will be held for the benefit of the Library Building association, in which Edison Emery will defend a suit for damages for failure to defend certain lands near the north pole. The local lawyers are working out the details and a small army of citizens will be called for witnesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Aleck Washburn passed Thanksgiving day in Morrisville; Mrs. H. A. Eastman and daughter, Hazel, in Fitchburg, Mass.; W. G. Shaw and family in Montpelier; G. H. Tupper and family in Penacook, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Batchelder and two sons in Saxtons River, and Alexander Frazier in Woodstock.

Thanksgiving visitors in town were as follows: Miss Ida Brock of Dorchester, Mass.; George Kimball; Miss Margaret Graham of Boston at John Kelleher's; George Burrell of Lynn, Mass.; at Peter Burrell's; Dallas Newman and Bud Gordon of Windsor at George Sanger's; Stephen Larn Washburn of Brookton, Mass.; Benj. M. Washburn of New York city and Albert Washburn of Dartmouth college at S. M. Washburn's; James Wilson and Miss Amy Wilson of the university of Vermont at Mrs. M. L. Wilson's; Harry Mentley of Lynn, Mass.; at E. A. Fisher's; John and Austin Niles of Dartmouth college at Robert Noble's; Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Chadwick of Windsor at T. A. Chadwick's.

PLAINFIELD

Miss Clara Patterson spent Thursday with friends in Montpelier.

Mrs. Betsy Moore is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. P. Page.

Miss Ida Washburn went to Washington Friday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Henry Bartlett, who has been ill for the past week, is reported much better.

Silas Willis and Will Sherry were home on Thanksgiving from their work in Middlebury.

Mrs. Helen Batchelder of Barre visited at the home of Charles Perry the first of the week.

Mrs. James Lyman of Newport is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend.

Mrs. C. A. Barnes of Burlington spent Thursday and Friday with her daughter, Mrs. E. F. Leavitt.

Miss Abbie Clark went to Concord, N. H., Friday to visit her niece, Mrs. Kate Chase, who is ill.

Miss Mattie Kiser is ill at the home of Miss Jane Clark, her sister. Mrs. Hattie Sherry is caring for her.

The Ladies Aid of the Congregational church will hold a social in the church vestry Thursday afternoon. Supper will be served.

A social will be held at the home of Alson Smith Friday evening. Everybody is invited to be present and make it an enjoyable evening.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
Red Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co., D. F. Davis, George L. Edson, J. D. McArthur, W. H. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cumming, J. W. Farmer.

Forced into Exile.

Wm. Upchurch of Glen Oak, Okla., was an exile from home. Mountain air, he thought, would cure a frightful lung racking cough that had defied all remedies for two years. After six months he returned, death dogging his steps. "Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery," he writes, "and after taking six bottles I am as well as ever." It saves thousands yearly from desperate lung diseases. Infallible for coughs and colds, it dispels hoarseness and sore throat, cures grip, bronchitis, hemorrhages, asthma, croup, whooping cough. 50c and \$1.00, trial bottle free, guaranteed by Red Cross Pharmacy.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Goureaud's Oriental Cream or Magistral Beautifier.



"Goureaud's Cream" is the most beautiful of all the skin preparations. It is used by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.
J. E. D. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Grand Street, New York.

BLOCKADED

Every Household in Barre Should Know How to Resist It.

The back aches because the kidneys are blocked.

Help the kidneys with their work.

The back will ache no more.

Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Barre.

C. A. Churchill, 35 Merchant street, Barre, Vt., says: "I publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills in 1897 after I had taken them a short time and had found the best of results. After that, I continued their use and was entirely relieved of backaches, pains across my loins and other symptoms of kidney trouble. During the time that has since elapsed, I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills on several occasions, getting them at Brown's drug store, and the same good results have always been received. I have also advised their use to friends and acquaintances whom I have heard complaining of backache."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

WILLIAMSTOWN

Miss Hattie Briggs went last week to Middlesex, where she has an aunt, with whom she may spend the winter.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church will have a home missionary meeting this evening, November 30.

Special meeting of Fraternity Rebekah lodge Thursday evening, December 2. All officers are requested to be present for practice.

Hayden Jeffords' two sons went to Hartford for Thanksgiving, where their grandmother, Mrs. Jason H. Jeffords, is staying with her only daughter, Mary.

Most of the schools in town opened for the winter term on Monday of this week. Our high school does not close its 16-week term until the Christmas holidays.

While the main and exceedingly sad features of Mrs. J. K. Lynde's sickness at the Heaton hospital remain the same, she was able to sit up for a little time the first of this week.

The ladies of our Village Improvement society are making an attractive and profitable free reading room in the Beckett block. The public should prove this by visits at the room.

George H. Brigham, foster son of Deacon Edwin C. Smith, who is taking an electrical engineering course in the university of Vermont, has been at home for his Thanksgiving recess.

All interested in the annual roll-call and business meeting of the Congregational church here should not forget that they will be held at the church next week Friday, December 10.

We are glad to hope that if the Fiske jubilee singers shall remain about here long, our Ladies' Village Improvement society will make the effort to secure them for a concert some time during the season.

Mrs. Norman G. Davis writes from 634 South Elizabeth street, Wichita, Kan., where she is to pass the coming winter with the family of her brother, Luther Newcomb, that she has excellent health there, and says "the average of building houses there is five every six days."

The Ladies Aid society of the Congregational church, ever on the alert for the turning of an honest penny, is now to collect all the old newspapers, magazines and the like possible, for which they think they have a sure market, at a price that will pay them for any labor and trouble they may be at.

Among the young men that we are watching are the two fine, bright sons of the late John M. Duffus, who are working their way through the Leland Stanford, Jr. university of California. They have lately been the recipients of further honors, that give them an honest pride and pleasure in their student career.

Walter Simons, son of Mrs. Rebekah Lynde Simons and son-in-law of Lewis M. Seaver, will go this week to Denver, Col., where he has a brother, and with the hope of finding employment. We suppose this means that our place will soon lose both Mr. and Mrs. Simons. Such a loss will be deeply regretted here, while a host of good wishes will accompany them, wherever they go.

There was an unusual occurrence here one day last week, in the line of shooting wild game. In some way, quite a number of wild geese in the flight southward stopped on the pond in our Mill village. One theory is that they were geese and not equal to their task of further flight just then. But, at any rate, they afforded an easy mark for rifles, and some 12 or more were picked off by our "sharpshooters." One of the broken flock alighted near the office of the Green-Son-Berkett Granite company, and Superintendent W. A. Jones went out and caught it with his hands.

Through the kindness of daughters of our late townsman, Lyman A. Work, we have just had the great pleasure of reading a full account of the unveiling of a monument in Hartford, Conn., to the late Henry Clay Work, who wrote the words and the music of "Marching Through Georgia." Henry C. Work was a son of the late Rev. Alanson Work, a brother of our late townsman, Elias Work, and thus the musician was an own cousin of our late Lyman Work. The pedestal of the monument is of white granite, surmounted by a bronze bust of Mr. Work. The inscription is: "Henry Clay Work, author and composer of 'Marching Through Georgia' and many other popular songs and melodies. Erected by popular subscription. Born in Middletown, October 1, 1832. Died in Hartford, June 8, 1884." The governor of Connecticut was present on the occasion, and other men of note were there. Mr. Work was the composer of some 70 or more musical pieces.

Singer special this week at The Vaughan Store.

MORTOWN

Death of Andrew J. Tubbs, a Long Resident of Town.

Andrew J. Tubbs, who has spent nearly all his life in town, died last Wednesday, after a long illness, though confined to his bed only ten days. He was a great sufferer, but bore it all without a murmur of complaint. His age was sixty-eight years. He was twice married, his first wife being Mary J. Seaver, who lived only about one year after their marriage. His second wife, who survives him, was Elizabeth Prentiss, with whom he has lived nearly forty years. They have no children, and she, in her loneliness, keenly feels the loss of a kind and indulgent husband. He is survived by no nearer relatives than cousins, among whom are Mrs. Pratt of Montpelier and Mrs. Marcus Peck of Brookfield. His funeral was attended from his late home Friday afternoon, Rev. O. F. Crawford officiating and T. J. Ferris in charge. The bearers were J. W. Bates, F. L. Hathaway, G. W. Bulkeley and G. G. Sleeper. The burial was in the Common cemetery. A good man has gone, one who will be missed, especially in the church, with which he had been identified for many years.

Harold Austin worked in Bolton last week.

Almon Cota has moved into the mill house.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Nelson of Fayston were local visitors Sunday.

M. H. McAllister was confined to the house last week with a hard cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tate entertained the Wade family Thanksgiving day.

T. J. Ferris, A. H. Booth and son, Brooks, were in Montpelier Saturday.

Miss Daisy Atkins spent several days in Montpelier last week, the guest of relatives.

Mrs. T. J. Ferris recently spent several days with Mrs. Herbert Chapman in Montpelier.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sleeper were in Montpelier Saturday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Henson.

Mrs. T. J. Ferris and son, Albert, were in Waterbury Saturday evening to hear the Jubilee singers.

Miss Gladys Fisher of Montpelier high school was at home to spend the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kingsbury of Watfield were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kingsbury of Fayston were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kingsbury.

L. Wilcox, who was confined to the house several days last week with an attack of grippe, is better.

Mrs. Addie Sawyer has improved her house by having it wired for electric lights and putting in a bath-room.

Mrs. S. E. Atkins was in Barre one day last week. Sidney Turner, who has been visiting there, returned home with her.

Richard Lyman and family of Duxbury spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hathaway, parents of Mrs. Lyman.

George Walker from South Africa was a guest last week of William Sawyer, his nephew, and other local friends. He goes from here to China.

Mrs. W. O. Chapman of Montpelier spent several days in town last week, being called here by the illness and death of her uncle, A. J. Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Alger entertained Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Keen and Miss Charlotte Smith of East Montpelier and Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Keyes Thanksgiving day.

Evelyn, little daughter of B. F. Griffith, while playing with other children Friday afternoon, slipped on the hardwood floor and fell, striking on one of the playthings, cutting a bad gash and injuring her quite badly.

The grange held an interesting meeting Tuesday evening of last week. District Deputy Arthur Maxham of Middlesex was present and favored them with a very encouraging and helpful talk. There were also readings by Mrs. Jennie Forrester, Mrs. C. L. Bliss and Mrs. Clara Sleeper.

Among those going out of town to spend Thanksgiving were Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Russell with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Poland in Williamstown; Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Johnson and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Palmer in Watfield; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Griffith and children, Mrs. M. R. Child and Miss Irene Child with Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Griffith in Waterbury Center; Arto Griffith with relatives in Hardwick.

GRANITEVILLE.

At the regular meeting of Robert Emmett court, No. 554, C. O. F., to be held Wednesday evening, December 1, the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place. It is important that every member be present on that evening.

Hale's Honey

of Horehound and Tar

Clears The Voice

Sold by Druggists

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute

"Blood Will Tell"

Strength, stamina and vitality depend upon the blood supply. Keep it pure, fresh and red with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

A WOMAN'S PROPOSAL

By MARION MAY HOLT.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

The Princess Alleen, the king's youngest daughter, having five brothers and three older sisters, had no hope of ever inheriting the throne. Those who are born at the wrong end of a royal family are not in an enviable position. The princess must needs keep up all the customs of regal estate without ever coming to a regal inheritance. Her brother, the heir apparent, was betrothed to a girl he had never seen, but as an offset if he lived long enough he would be king. The princess was expected to marry one of royal blood without hope that she would ever be a queen.

The matter did not especially trouble her till she took it into her head to fall in love with her tutor. His father was a count, and the son would succeed to the title and estates, but he was no match for a king's daughter. No sooner did the princess discover that she wanted the handsome and intellectual young man than the injustice of her position occurred to her. She went to her father, the king, whose pet she was, threw her arms around his neck and begged to be allowed to marry the tutor. The king, who could refuse her nothing, at last consented and told her she might send her suitor to him.

"But he is not my suitor," said the princess.

"Certainly not," replied the king. "It is you who have proposed to him."

"But I have not proposed to him."

"Well, then, if you intend to marry him you had best do so."

The objections having been removed, the princess betthought herself of the proposal. "However will I do it?" she said to herself. "I've read stories of men who have shrank from proposing to the girls they loved, and I never had any patience with them. I must be brave."

To make matters worse, both because of maidenly modesty and that she had not supposed she would be permitted to marry the man of her choice, she had never given him the slightest intimation that she loved him. She must assure him of this and follow it up with a proposition. "I shall intimate to him," she said, "which way the wind blows, and if he fails to see it I can't help it."

Having valiantly tried for a month to make up her mind to the task she at last resolved to do so after her daily lesson on a certain morning. So, the exercises being finished, when the tutor arose to go she said to him:

"Please don't hurry today. I have something to say to you."

He resumed his seat and looked at her inquiringly. There was not much encouragement in his reception of the announcement.

"You told me yesterday," she said, "that it was the turning of the earth on its axis that caused the trade winds to blow in one diagonal direction in the northern hemisphere and in an opposite direction in the southern hemisphere, where the winds blow east. I believe that's right. Now, if we were in the southern hemisphere they would blow west, wouldn't they?"

"Quite right."

"Well, what I would like to know is if everything in the southern hemisphere is transposed? Do the men and women down there stand in a reversed relationship?"

Astonished at the irrelevance of the question, he looked at her in silence for a time, then said: "I am not aware of any such transposition. The only countries lying south of the equator are Oceania, Africa and South America, and in none of these have we any such condition."

She looked at the ceiling, then at the floor, then out of the window. He waited for her to proceed.

"I didn't know," she finally continued, "that you, being a very smart man, would catch my meaning."

Still more confounded, he scrutinized her face for a clue. "Begging your royal highness' pardon," he said, "I fail to see any connection whatever between your question and anything that pertains to a single organic, inorganic or spiritual condition."

"I suppose," she said in a disheartened tone, "that I shall have to ask you a leading question. You are always asking me leading questions, you know."

"Pray do so."

"At the pole," she paused.

"Well, at the poles?"

"Which way does the wind blow?"

The young man knit his brow, pulled his mustache, crossed and recrossed his legs, then said:

"Theoretically there should be a dead calm at the poles."

The girl turned away impatiently.

"I see," said her tutor, "you did not intend to ask the question scientifically."

"No; I did not."

"I dare say I am very stupid. I've not been used to associate much with the members of your sex. Your language is too subtle for me."

"Perhaps," said the princess, rising, "the day may come when you will understand what I have said to you."

There was something in the look of reproach she gave him that let a ray of light upon his brain. And, after all, is not a look the only language of love? Her mysterious message was, after all, shot from her beautiful eyes. Yet he could not believe his own. Could this daughter of a score of kings mean to tell him that she loved him? It seemed impossible. But, manlike, he determined to take the chances.

"At last I see, royal sweetheart," he said, "which way the wind blows."

The court journal the next morning announced the princess' betrothal.



Did Anty Drudge Wash the World?

"Oh, Anty Drudge! the world was brown, When I climbed up to bed last night. Did you wash it with Fels-Naptha? For now it's clean, and pure, and white."

New uses for Fels-Naptha are being discovered every day.

One woman writes us that she finds it the best thing to clean metal beds. It makes white enamel glisten and polishes brass till it shines like a mirror. And vermin keep away from a bedstead that's washed regularly with Fels-Naptha.

There are a thousand and one uses for Fels-Naptha besides washing clothes, etc. It will clean anything cleanable, from pans and pots to floors and windows. Do it perfectly in cool or lukewarm water.

Cuts the grease on dishes and cooking utensils, brightens painted woodwork, whitens floors and freshens up the colors of oil-cloth or linoleum.

Directions for all kinds of easy cleaning with Fels-Naptha are to be found on the red and green wrapper. Follow them carefully.

Pleased His Majesty.

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Salford by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his controls caught in it and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick an' will you please do it again."—Sketchy Bits.

To Swim Without Water.